

F. D. C.

PUNCH

COMICS

NO. 15
10¢

HARRY A. CHESLER JR.
WORLD'S
Greatest
COMICS





**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

Girls Can't Resist this KISS ME NECKTIE as it GLOWS in the DARK!

BY DAY, A LOVELY SWANK
TIE . . . BY NIGHT, A CALL
TO LOVE IN GLOWING
WORDS!

MEN . . . BOYS . . . Now amaze your friends! Surprise and thrill every girl you meet! Be different and the life of the party in any crowd! Here's the most amazing spectacular necktie that you ever wore, a smart wrinkle-proof, tailored cravat, which at night is a thrilling sensation! It's smart, superb class by day, and just imagine in the darkest it seems like a necktie of compelling allure sheer magic! Like a miracle of light there comes a pulsing, glowing question—WILL YOU KISS ME IN THE DARK, BABY? Think of the surprise, the awe you will cause! There's no trick, no hidden batteries, no switches or foolish horseplay, but a thing of loveliness as the question emerges gradually to life, touched by the wand of darkness, and your girl will gasp with wonder as it takes form so amazingly. It's new . . . utterly different . . . a Hollywood riot wherever you go. And here's wonderful news! You can see, examine this glorious tie yourself without risk . . . just mail the coupon!

SEND NO MONEY!

Examine . . . Let It Thrill You . . . ON THIS FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Don't confuse this magnificent necktie with any ordinary novelty tie, for it's high class, distinctive, ties up perfectly, and you'll wear it with pride. Its color combination is specially created and so original that you actually can wear it tastefully with any suit. It's wrinkle-proof, beautifully fashioned. You might expect to pay \$2.00 or even \$3.00 for this cravat just for daytime wear. But now, if you act quick, under this special INTRODUCTORY OFFER, you will have this marvelous, breath-taking GLOW IN THE DARK sensation for only \$1.49! That's all, just \$1.49, a bargain in quality, and a million dollars worth of fun at any party, or in any crowd, an aid to love! Send no money, here's all you do. Mail coupon with your name and address. On arrival of your GLOWING KISS ME NECKTIE, you simply pay postman \$1.49, plus postage. (If money comes with order, we pay postage.) Then examine. See how it excites and thrills. And, if you are not delighted, if you are not eager to wear it, just return it for your money back promptly. Isn't that a fair, generous offer? Then act at once. Don't wait. Mail the coupon now!

MAIL THIS NO-RISK COUPON NOW!

GLOW IN THE DARK NECKTIE CO.

215 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 311-K, Chicago 1, Illinois

Rush me my KISS ME NECKTIE that glows in the dark. I will pay postman \$1.49 plus postage with your positive assurance I will be delighted or return tie for full refund.

If you want us to send you 3 Glowing Neckties for \$4.22, check here ☐

Name

Address

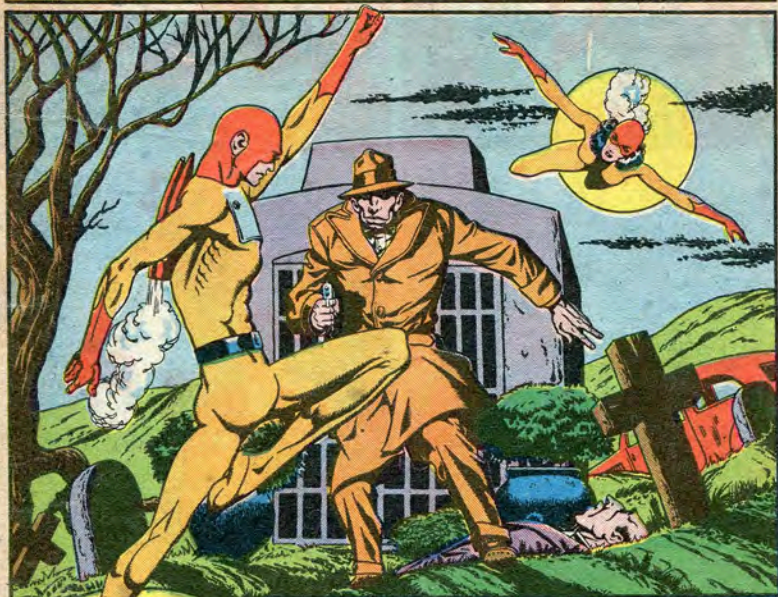
City Zone State

A
SMART
TIE BY DAY

AT
NIGHT
A MAGIC
TIE

IT'S NOVEL,
DIFFERENT
BARRELS
OF FUN!

ROCKETMAN



A clever conspiracy cast disgrace upon the criminal court and a chuckling killer was loosed to prey again upon honest citizens. Evidence furnished by Rocketman had brought the killer to trial, so Cal Martin and his legal secretary knew that they would have to take all risks to even the score for justice!

A blue ribbon jury reaches its verdict in the trial of the State vs. Herman "Blackie" Dahl —

YOU SURE THAT JUROR HELD OUT FOR MY ACQUITTAL, REX?

SHHH-- BLACKIE! IT'S IN THE BAG-- BUT HE'LL SQUAWK IF YOU DON'T RAISE TEN GRAND BY MIDNIGHT!

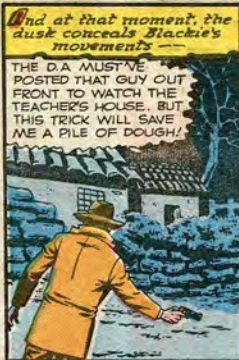
Among the tense spectators are Cal Martin and Doris Dalton —

BLACKIE LOOKS TOO CONFIDENT, CAL-- FOR A MAN ABOUT TO BE PRONOUNCED GUILTY OF FIRST DEGREE MURDER!

BUT THE EVIDENCE WE GAVE THE D.A. MADE AN IRONCLAD CASE. QUIET-- THE JURY'S FILING BACK IN!







But Rocketman's quarry arrives first!

BLACKIE! YOU'RE UP TO YOUR NECK AGAIN! WHY'D YOU SLUG THAT COP THEY PUT ON YOUR TRAIL?

YOU'RE GONNA HAVE A HEMORRHAGE WHEN I TELL YUH!



I'M GONNA TELL THAT CORPSE BEAUTICIAN I AIN'T SLIPPIN' HIM THE TEN G'S-- BECAUSE ARNOLD TOOK THE RAP FOR HIM!

YOU-YOU SCREWBALL! YOU RUBBED OUT THAT TEACHER?!

WAJ
11340



NO, WAIT! HE'S TIPPING HIS HAND!

HELLO, KOWLES. YEAH-- I CAN'T RAISE THE DOUGH BUT YOU'LL BE IN THE CLEAR IF YOU KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT!



YUH WANNA GET YOUR FEE, DON'TCHA, REX? THEN KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON! I'LL PHONE YUH TO MEET ME!

HOLD IT, BLACKIE! YOU'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL. THE BULLS WILL BE SEEN' RED!



THERE GOES BLACKIE! WE'VE GOT ENOUGH ROCKET POWDER TO FOLLOW HIM OUT OF TOWN!



THE MISSING PAYROLL, THE UNDERTAKER ON THE JURY-- THINGS ARE STARTING TO ADD UP!

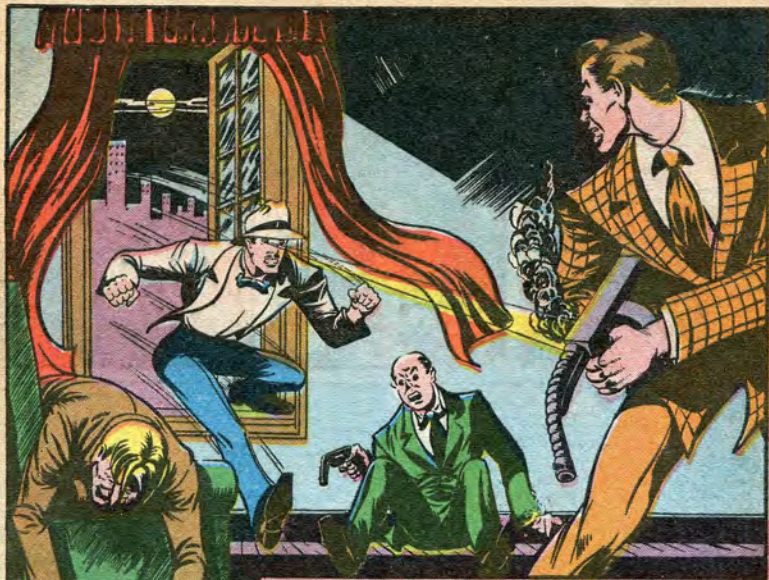


KOWLES SOUNDED QUEER ON THE PHONE. WONDER IF HE WISED UP AND BEAT ME TO IT!









MASTER KEY

Double trouble dumps a deadly frame-up onto Ray Cardell's doorstep in spite of the fact that crime fighting identity as the **Master Key** is still a mysterious enigma to both the police and the gangdom. But with both sides of the law gunning for him, how can the **Master Key** uncanny X-Ray eye melt the steel jaws of a sure-fire trap?

A sudden hush breaks the gaiety in a swank supper club--

WHAT CAN BE WRONG, RAY? I DON'T SEE ANYTHING!

I DO! CRAWL UNDER THE TABLE, DOLORES!

LOOK OUT! SOMEONE'S SHOOTING AT RAY CARDELL!

YEAH--BECAUSE THEY THINK I'M RUNNING FOR THE COPS! BUT I'M NOT!



KEEP THE PATRONS COVERED, GYP-- WHILE ME AND BALDY TAKE THEIR DONATIONS!

MAKE IT SNAPPY, WOLF!

THANKS, LADY! THAT BRACELET'S GOOD FOR TWO GRAND!

STEP ON IT, PAL! WE AIN'T GOT ALL NIGHT!

Rushing around to the front door, Ray Cardell claims his hat and waits tensely--

YOU BETTER DUCK, MISTER! THEY'RE COMING OUT NOW!

GET ON THE FLOOR MISS-- UNLESS YOU WANT TO STOP A BULLET!

THE MASTER KEY! WE'RE TRAPPED!

DROP YOUR GUNS AND EMPTY THE LOOT FROM YOUR POCKETS IF YOU WANT TO STAY HEALTHY!

I GOT HIM-- GUYS! GRAB THAT STUFF AND SCRAM!

YOUR PAL DIDN'T EVEN WING ME! LOOK OUT--OR YOUR HAND WILL BE BURNED TO A CRISP!

OOOW! THAT HEAT'S LIKE A FURNACE!

THIS WILL COOL YOU OFF UNTIL THE COPS ARRIVE!

AAAH OH--

THEY ESCAPED! ARE YOU HURT-- MASTER KEY?

ONLY MY FEELINGS. PHONE THE POLICE TO PICK UP THE GENT I JUST KAYED! I'M LEAVING NOW!

ONE OF THEM TOSSED HIS KEYS AWAY WHEN HE EMPTIED HIS POCKETS, NOT MUCH OF A CLUE IN A CITY OF A BILLION LOCKS!

WHY, YOU PIKERS! THAT ALL YOU COULD SNATCH?

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT A TOUGH BABY THAT MASTER KEY IS, BOSS! THAT EYE BEAM OF HIS CAN MELT STEEL!

HE'S THROUGH BEING TOUGH, WOLF! I'M GONNA SETTLE MY SCORE WITH THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY TONIGHT, AND MASTER KEY'S GONNA TAKE THE RAP!

Soon after, at a side street hotel--

YOU GUYS ACT LIKE SOMETHING WENT WRONG. SPILL IT!

YEAH, BOSS! MASTER KEY GUMMED UP THE JOB. MUST'VE GRABBED GYP, TOO!

SEE, BOYS? A LITTLE BURN'T CORK, A FEW LINES IN THE FACE, A MUSTACHE AND A HAT-- AND COULDN'T I PASS FOR THE MASTER KEY?

GEE, CLIP-- YOU LOOK SO MUCH LIKE HIM, YOU GIMME THE JITTERS!

SO LONG FOR AWHILE, BOYS! MASTER KEY'S GONNA RUB OUT HIS PAL-- THE D.A.!

CLIP-- YOU'RE POSITIVELY A GENIUS!

Clip Burnham's disguise gets him by the night watchman and elevator operator at the District Attorney's office--

UH, HELLO, MASTER KEY! CAN'T YOU LEAVE ME ALONE WHEN I'M WORKING LATE?

TONIGHT'S YOUR LAST, MY FRIEND!



A HUNCHBACK SHOULDN'T
BE HARD TO SPOT. I'LL
DRIFT OVER INTO THE
ALL-NIGHT LUNCH SECTION!



Four blocks up the street, Master Key
spies a hunched giant
staggering aimlessly—

I CAN'T BE THIS LUCKY--
BUT I AM! BUT GIVING
HIM THE WORKS MAY NOT
BE SO EASY!



SWITCH OFF THAT
MAGIC EYE, MASTER
KEY, OR I'LL SQUEEZE
THE TRIGGER! TURN
YOUR BACK TOWARD
ME WITH YOUR
HANDS UP!

HEY--WHAT
KIND OF
A GAG--?



YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST! BUT
IT ISN'T MURDER
LIKE YOU THINK.
NONE OF YOUR
SHOTS HIT
THE D.A.!

OKAY, MAC.
I'VE GOT THE
BRACELETS ON
HIM. THE CAR
IS AROUND
THE CORNER.



THIS SMELLS
TOO MUCH LIKE
A BAD FRAME-UP.
I'VE GOT TO TAKE
A LONG CHANCE!

HEY!
DON'T
FLASH
THAT
BEAM!

WHAT?!



In a flash, the X-ray beam ignites
the police car's gas tank!

BA-ROOM!



YOU HURT, FRANK?
UH--WHERE THE
MASTER KEY?

I'M ASKING YOU!
LOOK AT MY WRIST!
BRACELET LINKS
MELTED. I WONDER
WHAT INSPECTOR
FAY WILL TELL US?



Excluding the plainclothes men detectives, Master Key casts his X-ray beam at half strength on his clue to the cafe bandits--

BEST WAY TO TACKLE THIS FRAME-UP IS TO START AT THE BEGINNING. AH! THE DIE STAMPING WAS FILED FROM THIS KEY, BUT MY BEAM WILL REVEAL THE OBLITERATED NAME!



Within fifteen minutes--

THE KEY WON'T TURN A NIGHT LATCH, SO I'LL TUMBLE IT WITH ELECTRO-MAGNETISM!



AH-- GOOD EVENING-- GENTLEMEN! I TRUST YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN ME!



QUICK, CLIP! GRAB THE CHOPPER! MASTER KEY IS HERE!

BOOW! MY EYES! THEY'RE ON FIRE!

DON'T LET THAT GUN GIVE YOU AMBITIONS, BALDY! JUST TAKE IT EASY. YOU'LL LIVE LONGER!



HEY! WHAT'D HE DO? RUN OUT? I'LL CHOP HIM APART IN THE HALL!



NICE WIDE WINDOW LEDGE OUT THERE, CLIP BURNHAM! NOW DROP THAT MEAT GRINDER AND COME WITH ME!

WHA--? BOOW! MY ARM! STOP!

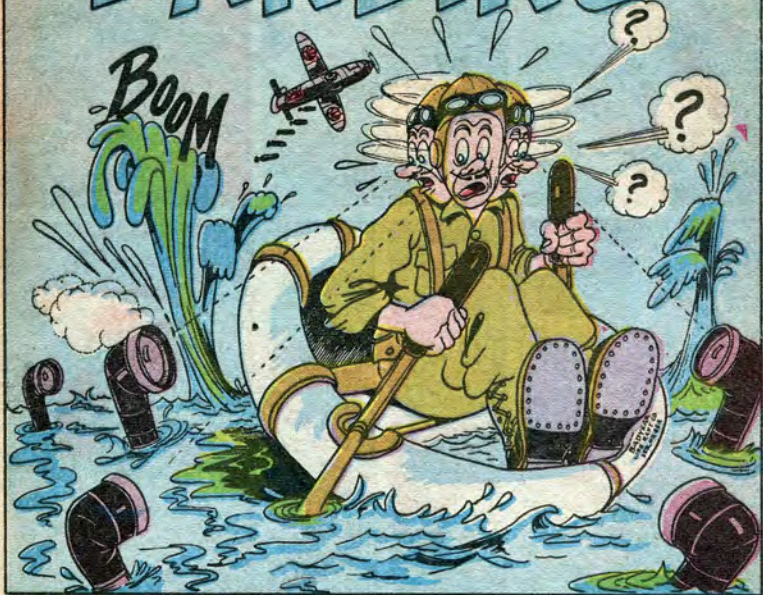


When the D.A. opens his office the next morning--

CLIP BURNHAM DISGUISED AS MASTER KEY! UH-HUH--AND I'LL BET MY RIGHT ARM THAT YOU WERE DUMPED HERE BY THE SAME GENT WHO TIPPED THE COPS WHERE TO PICK UP WOLF AND BRADY!



"HAPPY" LANDING



CO'S GOTTA NERVE
SENDING AN ACE
AIRMAN LIKE ME
ON BEACHHEAD
PATROL!



HOLY CATFISH!
A JAP SUMMERINE!
G-GUESS I OUGHTA
TAKE A SHOT AT IT!



BUT THE TARGET IS
NOT AS TREACHEROUS
AS HAPPY THINKS

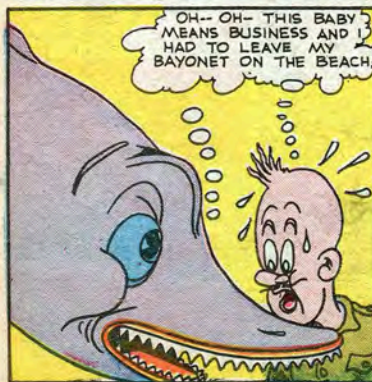
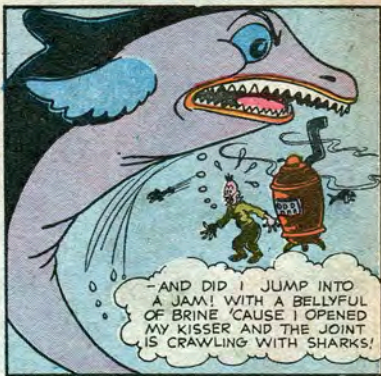
WHAT D'JA
HIT, HAPPY?
A JAP
U-BOAT?



WELL-THIS CALLS FOR
A LITTLE UNDERWATER
RECONNAISSANCE!



THAT'S THE LAST I'LL
SEE OF HAPPY. POOR
GUY CAN'T BAIL OUTTA
THE SEA LIKE HE COULD
OUTTA A PLANE.



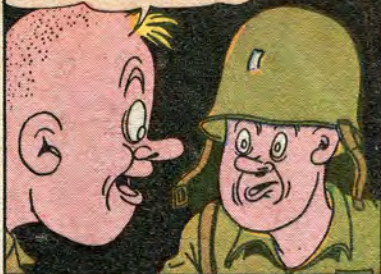
ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVES, FRANKIE. I'VE GOT A JOKE TO PLAY ON THE JAPS!

HEPCAT! YOU ARE SURE GOT NINE LIVES!



THOSE SHARKS ARE AS HARMLESS AS PX BEER. I'LL CORRAL A DOZEN OF 'EM IN THE LAGOON WHILE YOU GET AN ARMFUL OF STOVEPIPES!

YOU'RE ON THE BALL, HAPPY. I GET THE IDEA!



FRANKIE CARRIES OUT HIS DETAIL IN RECORD TIME.

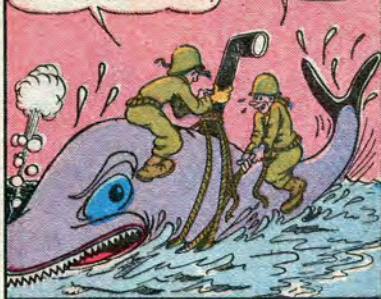
NICE GOIN', KEED. YOU COULD SWIPE GOLD FROM UNDER A MISER'S SCHNOZZLE

GRAB YOURSELF A SHARK AND LET'S GET BUSY, HAP!



WHEN THE TIDE GOES OUT, THESE CRITTERS WILL SWIM DOWN THE COAST AND GIVE THE JAPS THE JITTERS!

THINK WHAT WE COULD DO WITH A MEDIUM BOMBER, HAPPY!



AS THE SHARK SUBMARINE FLEET TURNS SEAWARD WITH THE TIDE ~

NOW TO WRANGLE COLONEL KORNE'S B-25 WITH A LOAD OF BOMBS!

YEAH, WE'VE GOTTA FOLLOW THE SHARKS TO JAP-CONTROLLED WATERS. LET'S GO!



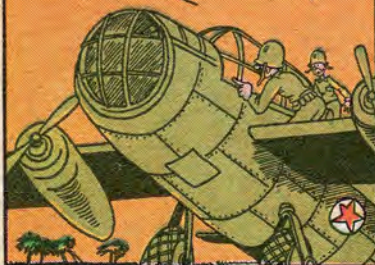
THERE'S COLONEL KORNE'S CRATE. WUZ YOU EVER A BOMBARDIER, FRANKIE?

NO-- BUT I WORKED ON A CHICKEN FARM SO I KNOW HOW TO DROP EGGS!



THE COLONEL'S CREW
LEFT THEIR SUITS
INSIDE TO BE READY
TO TAKE OFF AT A
MOMENT'S NOTICE!

IT WOULDN'T
PAY FOR US
TO GIVE
NOTICE--
EH, HAP?



MY PLANE! A COUPLE OF
CRAZY G.I.S ARE STEALING
IT! GO UP AND FORCE
THEM DOWN!!!



I SAID FORCE THEM
DOWN-- NOT ME,
YOU DOPES!

GANGWAY!
SOME NUT STOLE
THE COLONEL'S
CRATE!



I THINK WE WUZ
SPOTTED. SEE
THEM GUYS
RUNNING TOWARD
THE FIGHTER
PLANES, FRANKIE?

MESS SARGE
MUST'VE BLOWN
THE CHOW
WHISTLE.
DON'T WORRY!



HAPPY! WE'RE
LOSING
ALTITUDE!
KICK HER UP
A THOUSAND
FEET! --

LOOK! THERE'S
ONE OF
OUR
SUBMARINE
SHARKS
GOING IN
THE WRONG
DIRECTION!



THAT'LL TEACH
HIM TO RUN
AGAINST THE
TIDE!

OOOPS!
ARE YOU
SURE THAT
WUZ ONE
OF OUR
SHARKS--
HAPPY?



AAIEE! LOST
PERISCOPE!!
CAN'T STOP
WATER!!!

HONORABLE
ANCESTORS--
HERE
WE
COME!!!





SEE? DOWN AHEAD-- OUR SHARK SUBS ARE RUNNING ALONG TO THE JAP-HELD COAST. WAIT TILL THEIR DESTROYERS COME OUT!

NO, HAPPY-- THE JAPS ARE SENDING OUT DIVE BOMBERS!



'MERICAN PLANE! RADIO SQUADRON-- WE ATTACK!!!

SUBMARINES PHONY. PLANE THE MC COY. **BANZA!**



FRANKIE! GRAB THAT MACHINE GUN!

NUTS! I'M HOOKING A CHUTE AND YOU BRING THE RUBBER RAFT. LET'S GET OUTTA THIS RUNAWAY COFFIN!



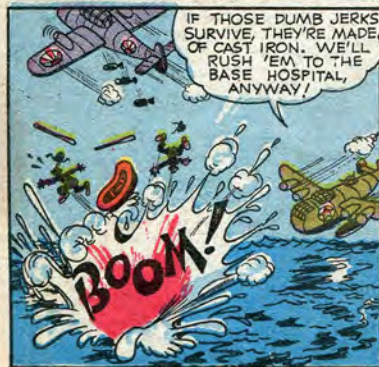
THE BOYS WHO WERE TRAILING US ARE KNOCKING THOSE NIPS FOR THEIR LAST LOOPS!

BOY, WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN TO US NOW, HAP?



HANG ON, FRANKIE! HERE COMES A NAVY FLYING BOAT TO RESCUE US!

THEY CAN'T REACH US BEFORE THAT BOMB. SAY YOUR PRAYERS, PARTNER!



IF THOSE DUMB JERKS SURVIVE, THEY'RE MADE OF CAST IRON. WE'LL RUSH 'EM TO THE BASE HOSPITAL, ANYWAY!



--AND YOUR BRAVE ACTION CRACKED THE JAPS' MORALE, PRIVATE LANDING. --ER, WERE YOU BADLY WOUNDED?

WHO--ME, COLONEL?-- NAW, I JUST GOT A BLISTER ON MY FOOT FROM KICKING ABOUT THE CHOW!

WINNER'S STAKE

THE KID LOST HIS BETS BUT WON IN THE END

The employment manager said: "Name?"

"Percy Perkins." The youngster's voice was pitched rather high. He added, "I would like a tough job." The employment manager squinted at him through half shut eyes.

"What's your draft status?"

"I'm 4F," replied Percy.

"I need a time clerk," the employment manager suggested. "Think you can handle that?"

"I could, but I won't," the youngster retorted. "I said I want a tough job. All my friends are out fighting a war. A couple have been killed even. Several are wounded. And you think I'm going to take a job here clerking? I said I want a job that's tough, real tough. So I'll ache all over."

"You'll have to have a physical," said the employment manager. "But if you pass it, you'll get a job that you'll wish you didn't have. I give you one day and lay you odds that you won't come back."

"I haven't any money, but if you'll trust me, I'll take it, and at even money."

At seven the following morning, he was at the plant's furnace. Mike Sweeney, the stoker boss, looked down at him and blinked.

"Whaddya want, kid?" he asked. Percy didn't bat an eye.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I was told to come here and help you."

Mike stood back a step and viewed Percy with alarm. "Don't tell me!" he exclaimed.

"What's your name?"

"Percy Perkins," Percy said. "What do I do? I'd like to get to work."

"You're kinda fresh," Mike said. "For a guy with a moniker like that. Suppose I give you a clout in the face!"

"I'll bat you with the shovel if you do. But anyway, you'd hold up production that way and I want to get going."

Mike grinned. He couldn't help it. "Grab that barrow there and start hauling coal over here. Lots of it. I'll give you five to one you'll hand in your time card before noon."

"Even money," said Percy. "I already got a bet with the employment manager. I haven't got anything to put up, though. You'll have to take it on the cuff."

Percy put everything behind his straining muscles. The barrow followed the usual pattern, starting with a fast roll at the foot of the ramp it began to lose momentum toward the middle, wobbled to a near stop and then by some sheer power of more spirit than muscle behind it, began to climb again and reached

the platform at Mike's feet, where each time it seemed to dump over by itself.

Mike laughed each time to himself—each time the barrow halted, each time it dumped. And when the noon whistle blew, Mike pulled a five from his pocket.

"Well, kid, you won," he said. "I'll make it ten to five you don't last the afternoon."

Percy drew a long breath. "Even money," he puffed. "Between you and the employment manager I'm gonna make a war bond by night."

Mike was scowling as he dug into the bituminous pile before him. The thought of losing a ten to a little squirt with the name of Percy preyed on his mind. He began to heave double loads into the furnace and the steam gauge crept upward.

"Come on, kid," he growled.

Percy gritted his teeth and began to take the loads on the run. By two o'clock no one could recognize him. His face was black. His overalls were black. His body, bare to the waist, was coated with sweat-streaked coal dust.

Mike glanced at the gauge again and frowned. Then for a moment he had a look of grim satisfaction as he saw Percy hesitate at the foot of the ramp with terror in his eyes. Suddenly Mike realized the reason when he heard a sharp whistle. Steam! A boiler break! He looked horrified at the kid in the pit.

A deathly scream of wrenching metal as the boiler side gave way, the whistle breaking into a roar of boiling water and bursting steam. A flying piece of the boiler cracked Mike's skull.

Percy stood grimly in the path of the boiling flood and took the weight of Mike's falling body. Somehow he seemed to have figured out the use of directional force. For Mike's fall against Percy, sent the youngster sprawling onto the ramp away from the boiling torrent.

It was two weeks before Percy returned to the plant. He went to the employment manager and handed him a five and a ten.

"The ten is for Mike," he said.

"Well, thanks," said the employment manager, surprised.

"Thank you," said Percy.

The employment manager grinned. "Had enough, did you?"

"Yeah," Percy answered. "Enough to convince the draft board they were nuts. I'm putting the khaki on tomorrow."

JOHNNY ON THE SPOT



*Is Johnny Jenkins jinxed? Must be! For whenever things go wrong, Johnny's right there with his fingers in the pie and the raspberries flying at him from all sides. Little wonder is it, that the kids all call him **Johnny on the Spot**. This time, the spotlight of trouble focuses a halo of harrowing menace on our young man of the hour and Johnny sees the way to escape!*

TEN OF EIGHT!
TIME YOU'RE OPENING
UP THE BOX OFFICE,
BIRCHIE. TONIGHT'S
CONTEST WILL
DRAW A CROWD!

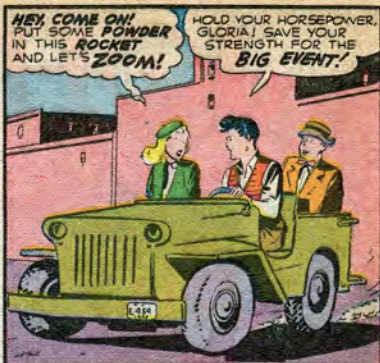
OKEDOXE, JOHNNY!
HOPE YOU REHEARSED
YOUR NUMBER ENOUGH!
**I'M BANKING ON
YOU TO WIN!**



**YUH HEAR THAT,
CURLEY? THE LITTLE
SKIRT IS HANDLING
THE TICKET DOUGH.
THIS OUGHTA
BE A CINC!**

**YEAH, MOON-I'LL
RAISE A RUMPUSS TO
DISTRACT THE COPS
WHILE YOU SNATCH
THE CASH BOX!**







GOOD GRIEF!
THIS IS THE
PAYOFF!--
MR. GALLIGHER,
THE PRINCIPAL!

OWAH!



HEY JOHNNY!
WHAT WAS THAT
CRASH BACK
THERE?

MY HOPES, BOB!
I HAVEN'T A
PRAYER TO WIN
AFTER WHAT JUST
HAPPENED!
GANGWAY!



HEY, ROGER! YOU
BETTER HOP DOWN
TO THE BASEMENT
AND GIVE AID AND
COMFORT TO ONE
OF THE CONTESTANTS!

JOHNNY'S IN
TROUBLE AGAIN!
IT NEVER FAILS!



WHAT'S EATING
YOU, JOHNNY?
DISH OUT THE
LOWDOWN ON
LIFE'S BIG
PROBLEM!

AW, NUTHIN'-- ONLY I
CRASHED INTO MRS. RIPPINGER
WHO'S ONE OF THE JUDGES
AND MR. GALLIGHER DID A
NOSE DIVE. I'M **POISON!**
**KEEP AWAY FROM
ME, ROGER!**



YEAH-- AT LEAST
IF YOU STAY **HERE**,
YOU'LL KEEP
OUTTA TROUBLE.
I'LL GIVE YOU A
BUZZ WHEN ITS
YOUR TURN AT
THE **MIKE!**

WHY DOES
EVERYTHING
ALWAYS
HAPPEN TO
ME! OH, WILL
BIRCHIE BURN
UP WHEN
SHE HEARS
ABOUT IT!



*But at this moment,
trouble is about to
befall Johnny's beloved!*

GUESS WE'RE
A LITTLE
LATE, HUH,
SIS?

YES, SIR!
YOU'RE GETTING
THE **LAST TWO**
TICKETS! CLYDE
HARPER'S ORCHESTRA
NEVER PLAYS TO
EMPTY SEATS, SIR!



GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY!
I SEE WE'VE GOT A **FULL**
HOUSE. AND NO WONDER!
CLYDE HARPER'S BAND
HAS BEEN WOOGING SWING
FANS FROM COAST TO
COAST! **TAKE IT, CLYDE!**



HEY-- WHAT TH--?
WHO'S THAT? TWO
GUYS DRAGGING
BIRCHIE INTO A CAR!
SHE MUST'VE HEARD
ABOUT ME--A
AND FAINTED!

OH--NO, SHE DIDN'T
FAINT. THOSE GENTS
COPPED THE COIN BOX
AN' ARE TAKING HER
FOR A HOSTAGE!

HELP!
POLICE!
STOP THESE--
UMPF!

CRIPES! NOBODY
IN SIGHT-- AN'
HOW'M I GONNA
STOP 'EM BEFORE
THEY HIT THE
TURNPIKE?



WHAT'S OUR
PROFIT,
MOON?

HEAVENS!
THAT'S
JOHNNY AND
HIS JEEP! HE
CAN'T STOP
THESE MEN
UNLESS HE
PICKS UP
A COP!

IT LOOKS LIKE
HALF A GRAND!
ALL GOOD HONEST
DOUGH, TOO!



WE WANT
OUR MONEY
BACK!

HEY! THEY
CLOSED
THE
BOX OFFICE!

NOW HOLD BACK,
FOLKS! THE
YOUNG LADY
AIN'T AROUND
NOW! SHE
TOOK A WALK
WITH THE
MONEY!



IF YUH KNOW WHAT'S
GOOD FOR YOU, KID,
YUH WON'T DESCRIBE
US TO THE COPS!

TOSS OUT THAT EMPTY
CASH BOX, TOO,
MOON. WE CAN
SHAKE THE GUY IN
THE JEEP AND HEAD
BACK FOR LOUIE'S!

STEP ON IT,
JOHNNY!
THESE CROOKS
TOOK THE BOX
OFFICE MONEY!

HOP IN, HONEY!
WITH THE HEADLIGHTS
OUT, THEY WON'T KNOW
WE'RE TAILING 'EM!





MURDER MIX-UP

POISON WORKED BETTER THAN VODOO

Randall Stevens came out of the skirting woods in the Alabama Red Hills and walked slowly in the deep twilight of the evening toward the rustic cabin of his uncle, Sam Welter. He hesitated as he thought he saw the figure of a youth upright and flat against the wall of the building. He watched carefully. The figure moved in the shadows and stopped when he had reached the center of the cabin wall.

He said to himself: "It's the Cajan boy, Ben Weaver."

He saw something in the youth's hand. It looked like a white cloth sack and he saw the boy kneel down and bury it in the earth beneath the cabin's wall. Stevens pursed his lips and his hand stole gingerly to the small paper packet in his pocket. The Cajan boy turned and lost himself quietly in the gathering shadows. Stevens narrowed his eyes in a cold steely glare ahead and plowed through the knee-high grass, making tracks toward the cabin door.

Inside, he found Sam Welter reading by the flickering light of an oil lamp. Welter set down his book as Stevens entered.

"Hello, Uncle Sam," said Stevens. "Have you made supper?"

The older man shifted his bulk. "Waiting for you," he said.

"Stay there," said Stevens. "I'll pour a couple of shots before supper." He went to the cupboard and took out two jiggers and a bottle of Scotch whiskey, half full.

Stevens watched his uncle down his drink and stood coldly and impersonally watching his convulsed breathing, his gasping, the avid fear in his face.

"You devil—poison!"

"We made a deal, Uncle. Remember?" Stevens's hard eyes never flicked. "I was to buy the ridge from Lyle Sellers, which I did. You were to turn it over to Great Southern Railway for a branch line. Which you said you couldn't do."

Welter grasped his throat and opened his mouth, but no words came forth. Stevens stood, holding his untouched liquor in his hand.

"I found out in town you did make a deal. I saw Ben Weaver burying the dough outside the cabin. So it puts me nicely in the clear. The Cajan murders you and steals your money. The sheriff and I will even watch the youngster come back to get it."

Stevens walked out into the woods and

when he returned he was surprised to find Ben Weaver, the Cajan youngster, walking around the cabin with Mike Shade, the deputy from the sheriff's office. He went to meet them.

"Better get ready for a shock, Stevens," Shade said. He led the way inside and turned up the lamp that was still burning beside the bunk. Its rays fell on the pain-twisted face of the dead Sam Welter.

"Ben says he done it," Shade explained. "I just come up from town with him."

"But why?" Stevens blurted.

"Go on and tell, Ben," Shade ordered.

"I had a right fine hound that I use fer 'coon huntin'," Weaver explained. "Mister Welter jest borrowed that dog an' nohow he won't get it back to me."

"The hound got away," said Stevens suavely. "But I think I know the real reason for the murder. He heard Uncle Sam had collected some money from the Great Southern. Bet if you look around you won't find it here!"

"I'll vouch it wasn't that," said Shane. And he eyed Randall Stevens quizzically. "But how did you know about the deal?" he asked at last.

"I was Uncle Sam Welter's partner. Shouldn't I know?"

Shane didn't answer, but as Stevens edged slowly across the room toward the fireplace, Shane followed him. When Stevens drew his hand from his pocket, Shane grabbed it.

Stevens yanked his hand back, but Shane had the small paper packet.

Stevens reached below his coat, but Shane sent a right straight to the jaw that sent Stevens down in a heap. Stevens rose, but Shane held his gun level then.

"You're barking in the dark," Stevens snarled.

"Oh, no," said Shane. "The sheriff himself has that money. Your uncle left it with him, was gonna surprise you with the gift of it to get you started in business. But you were too smart to let him. And this paper with grains of strychnine in it will hang you after the medical men get through."

Ben Weaver gulped. "You-all mean to say it wasn't me who killed Ole Sam Welter?" he shrieked angrily. "You-all kin think so if you want, but you can't tell me I didn't hex him when I buried that sack of charred bones under the house sill beneath the head of his bed!"

PUNCH and CUTEY

OKAY, YOUSE BUMS!
PUNCH WON HANDS
DOWN, BUT IF YUH
WANNA MAKE
SOMETHIN' OF IT,
I'LL TAKE YOUSE
ON ONE
ATTA TIME!

THE WINNAH-
BY A KNOCKOUT-
PUNCH
OMALLEY!

TWEET
TWEET



OH! THIS IS
WONDERFUL
AND AWFUL AT
THE SAME TIME!
BUT IF I CAN'T
FIND PUNCH
BEFORE MIDNIGHT,
I SWEAR I'M
GONNA QUIT AS
HIS MANAGER!

GEE, CUTEY!
PUNCH IS MY
FAVORITE
FIGHTER!
AIN'T THERE
ANYWAY
I KIN
HELP?

YOU'RE ON,
NICKY! PAGE MY
BROTHER IN
EVERY POOL ROOM,
BARBERSHOP AND
NIGHT CLUB IN
TOWN! FIFTY
SMACKEROOS IF
YOU DRAG HIM TO
JAKE MICHAEL'S
JOINT
BEFORE
MIDNIGHT!

HALF A
C NOTE?
SHAKE,
CUTEY! I'LL
DIG HIM UP!

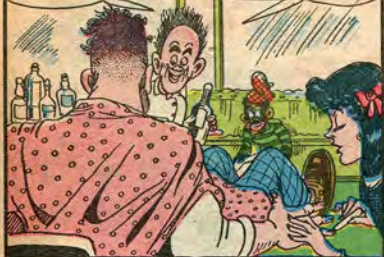
I'M GOIN' IN FOR A
BIT OF SPADE WORK
MYSELF! PUNCH NEEDS
SOME FOLDING MONEY
AND JAKE HAS GOT TO
SIGN HIM BEFORE
MIDNIGHT!



UNAWARE OF THE SEARCHING PARTY, PUNCH PREPARES HIMSELF FOR THE STERN HARDSHIPS OF NIGHT LIFE!

NOW A LEEDLE TONIC, MISTER O'MALLEY?

OKAY, TONY. BUT, MAKE SURE IT'S THE RIGHT FLAVOR!



CHEERIO CHUMS! I SHALL NOW SET FORTH TO CHERCHEZ LA FEMME IF THE OTHER WOLVES HAVEN'T GRABBED THE BEST PICKINGS ALREADY!

G'WAY! I'M-A DA BOSS!

MINE!



HEY, PUNCH! CUTEY WAS HERE LOOKIN' FOR YOU! SHE SEZ YOU GOTTA BE HOME BEFORE MIDNIGHT!

YEAH? WELL, LISTEN, MAXIE! I AIN'T IN TRAININ' SO I KIN STAY OUT AS LATE AS I WANT, SEE?



OH--OH! HERE'S MY CHANCE TO DITCH THIS TWO-TON SALAMI AND GET MY NAME IN THE MORNING PAPERS!

KNOW WHAT PUNCH O'MALLEY SAID ABOUT YOU, HONEY? HE CALLED YOU GROUND BARRAGE BALLOON!

HE DID, HUH? MAYBE MY FIGHTERS CAN'T LICK HIM-- BUT WATCH HOW I HANDLE THAT SLAP-HAPPY SAP!

BROILED LOBSTER AND PLenty OF FRENCH FRIES, DOC!

AND WHAT DO YOU WISH FOR AN APPETIZER, SIR?

I'LL SUPPLY THAT, WAITER! A NICE JUICY SMACK IN THE SNOOT!



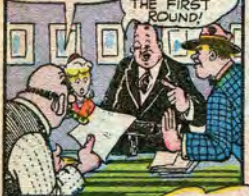




AN HOUR LATER, PUNCH MEETS AN OLD FRIEND AT THE FIGHT PROMOTER'S OFFICE

NOW, COME ON BOYS! LET BYGONES BE BYGONES AND SIGN THIS CONTRACT FOR A TEN-ROUND BOUT!

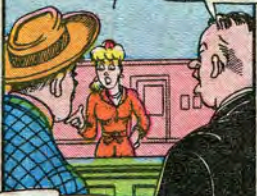
NIX, JAKE! PUNCH AIN'T IN A CLASS WITH MY MAN! SUGAR KANE WILL PIN HIS EARS TO THE CANVAS IN THE FIRST ROUND!



YEAH? I DON'T NEED A CRADLE TO ROCK SUGAR TO SLEEP!

GO AHEAD, PUNCH! SIGN AND YOU'LL MAKE BEEFSTEAK LOOK LIKE A PIKER!

OKAY-- SLICK CHICK! I'LL SIGN YOUR BRUDDER'S DEATH WARRANT. BUT YOU ASKED FOR IT, REMEMBER!

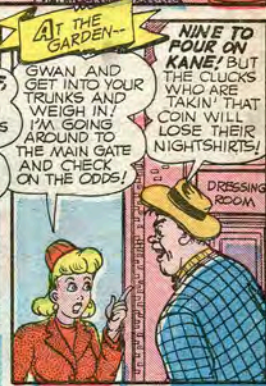


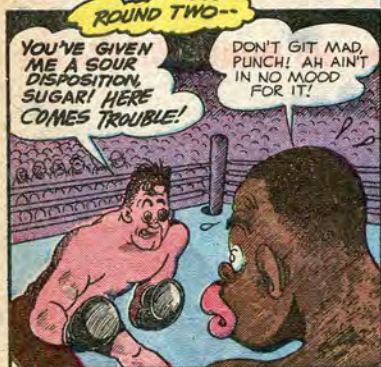
NEXT EVENING, PUNCH STARTS A RIGOROUS TRAINING SCHEDULE WITH KNIFE AND FORK!

PUNCHIE DARLING! DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU CAN BEAT SUGAR KANE?

IT'S IN THE BAG, BABY! PUT YOUR BANKROLL ON ME AND YOU'LL BE IN THE CHIPS!







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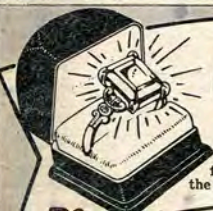


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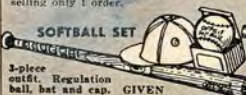
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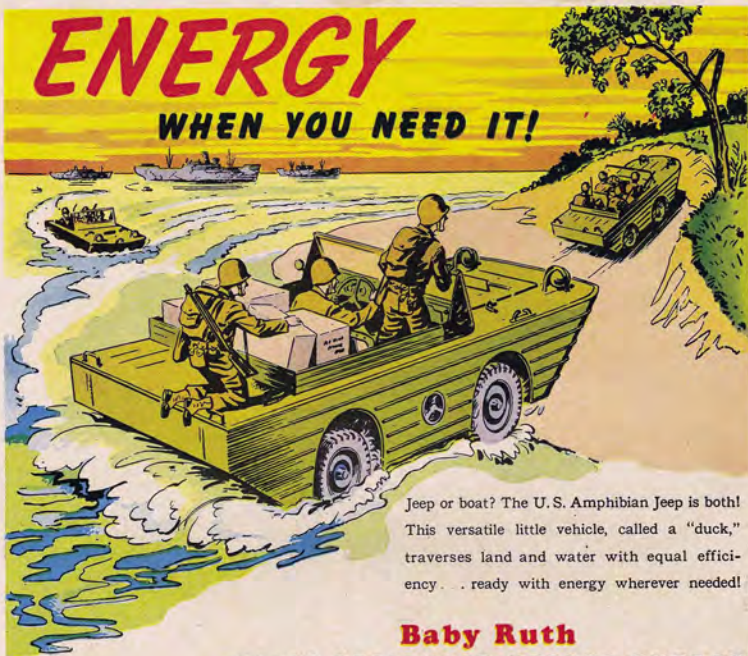
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